

Natural Behavior for the Unnatural Soul

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1584149) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1584149>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M , Other
Fandom:	Danny Phantom
Relationship:	Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters
Character:	Danny Fenton , Vlad Masters
Additional Tags:	PWP , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Gentleness , Bloodplay , Ghost Sex , Weird Halfa biology , Ephebophilia , Vlad's really into vulnerable!Danny , Dubious Consent due to Biological Imperative , Hermaphrodites , Caretaking , pompos pep , I always forget we named all the damn pairings in this fandom , Boypussy , First Time , Fingering , Biting
Stats:	Published: 2014-05-08 Words: 3683

Natural Behavior for the Unnatural Soul

by [Pakeha](#)

Summary

It is a biological imperative in all living things to procreate. Even Halfas.

Vlad helps Danny through a heat cycle. That's it, that's all there is to it.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Pale, pale, pale- each breath rattles in and out of that pale throat, the ghost white adam's apple bobbing when the boy swallows the saliva that has risen in his mouth, his lips wet and shining even in the low light.

Vlad swallows too.

It's snowing. It can be seen through the sliver of window not covered by his curtains. The moon reflects pale and glittering off the flakes swirling down.

The light is meager, burgundy velvet eating it up before it can get into the room. The drapes are heavy, absorbing light, absorbing sound, even the boy's desperate panting- his whimpers and whines- seem dull and muted outside of the tight warm cavern of the four poster bed.

"Daniel."

The boy keens. The comforter has already been kicked to the floor but the sheets are luxurious navy silk, stark contrast to that skin so *pale*, they twist in his fists as he undulates against the bed.

“*Daniel.*”

Vlad’s whole body is aflame with want.

He knows this. He knows. He knows this wild consuming need.

This half life, this ghostly dream of an existence that he and boy lead is technically impossible, and biologically it is *wrong*. Nature rebels. Nature drives to preserve itself, the genes rearing up and wreaking havoc in desperate pressing need to maintain themselves on into another generation, a screaming desire to make live what is already half-dead.

Crudely speaking it is *heat*. A mindless need to fuck, to be fucked, to be bred wildly, passionately, desperately-

Vlad’s cock hardens at the memory, and there’s a phantom ache even deeper inside him, a haunting memory of a need he can only fulfill at nature’s whim. It has been so long since his own first season, that first clawing passion which he’d ridden out in some hole of a dimension halfway between here and the ghost zone.

It had not been pleasant, in spite of the pleasure. It had been drawn out and rough and anonymous and it had left him with a blinding shame and further fuel for his hate. Another humiliation to blame on Jack Fenton.

But the pleasure- it *had* felt good, physically. It had been such an incredible series of orgasms, building together, collecting, boiling in his blood until he didn’t care which nameless specter had produced a cock to pierce him, which wraith serviced him. The spirits certainly hadn’t cared; they had been drawn only to the bold, furious wash of *life* he had brought with him to the land of the dead, the temporary rush of energy which called out like a siren to anyone close enough to hear.

To this day Vlad has no idea who precisely he spent those days with. Fortunately not a single ghost has accosted him over it, and any subsequent bouts of need he’d been able to facilitate in other fashions, but he still remembers that first wave.

The idea that Daniel may endure similar attentions...

Vlad can’t stop the transformation, a brilliant band of light appearing around his waist and splitting to pull away the veneer of humanity which covers his ghost form. He doesn’t fight the instincts which make him reach out, his green skin sickly next to that glorious pale flesh.

Daniel though, Daniel is completely gone with it. The boy had apparently had just enough presence of mind to get himself into Vlad’s house, into Vlad’s bedroom, before settling into the animal mindlessness which characterizes heat. Vlad had felt the boy’s presence when he’d entered the house, had left him alone initially, curious, wondering what on earth his nemesis was up to, stumbling so clumsily through his home.

The sight of him on his bed, suit peeled only off his upper half to reveal pink, desperate nipples, a shallowly heaving chest, the long awkward lines so indicative of the late teenage years- Vlad had stopped breathing the moment he’d found the boy like *this*.

“Oh Daniel.” He murmurs the word gently, green fingers settling on the halfa’s chest, brushing over the ghostly skin as they seek the eager peaks of flesh begging to be pinched and sucked and cherished.

The boy arches off the bed like he’s been shocked, a thin warbling cry spilling from his lips as he pushes into the touch, begging for the attention. His hips work themselves off the bed, moving in

desperate circles, seeking for something Vlad is sure he isn't even consciously aware of. Vlad knows well enough that the cunt which appears during these bouts of heat is remarkably absent the rest of the time, hidden by some magic even he with all his science has been unable to deduce.

If Daniel is anything like him he must feel... Confused. Desperate. Anxious. Eager.

Vlad remembers the tumult of emotions, remembers most the *want* and he can't stop himself from groaning as he brings his other hand into play, thumbs kneading at the boy's pectorals, coaxing the shrill keens which are bubbling out of the boy.

That he came here- That Daniel came *here*, of all places, when this need came upon him-

With a growl Vlad drags the boy closer to him, drags him under him until all he has to do is to lean down and kiss him, licking into those tempting depths.

Although it would be a lie to say he has never considered this possible turn in their relationship, Vlad can truly claim that he had not expected himself to ever be able to get so close to the boy. Convincing his fellow Halfa to take him on as a mentor had proved trying enough. To take him on as a lover? Impossible.

'He does not do this consciously.' his treacherous brain reminds him, but the spark of guilt that bites at him is not enough to slow him as he kisses Daniel deeply, remembering his own desperate craving for intimacy and warmth and pleasure and mercy.

He squeezes the boy about the ribs once before his hands slide down to his waist, slipping around the small of his back where the remaining closures of his suit are still held tight. He works them free, moving with the teen as he continues to hump at the air, bumping occasionally against the older Halfa with a breathless gasp of delight, seeking up into the air for more contact, more pleasure, *just more*.

Once the suit is undone Vlad sits back just enough to tug it down, the material tight but surprisingly smooth as it slips down the boy's pale torso, gliding off his legs not unlike a woman's stocking and Vlad is hard, so fucking hard he's not sure he's going to last long enough to do right by his bedmate. He grits his teeth, bites his tongue, turns his eyes away from the alluring display before him just so he can pull himself together and do this the way it's supposed to be done.

Danny's moans have turned to whining gasps, his hips stilling and his eyes slitting open, the brilliant green of his irises shining out as he stares at the man who has pulled away from him in order to phase out of his own suit.

As Vlad's clothing slumps into a heap beneath him Danny's breathing hitches. One hand rises to clutch at his own hair, his other releasing the death grip it's held on the sheets to reach to his proud cock, bright and swollen and drooling precome lazily against his stomach.

"Vlad?"

The voice that leaves the boy is so lost, so needing, so utterly *wrecked* that Vlad can't actually breath for a moment. Every inch of his self control goes into restraining the desperate, burning urge he has to crash into the boy, to push in and in and *in* and never, ever leave.

"Daniel." He manages to choke out after a moment, pouring his concentration into going to his hands a knees and crawling forward to position himself over the teen.

"I'm- I'm- oh my god." The youngest Fenton's words trail off as he lets go of his cock like it burns him, burying his face instead in his hands, shaking with need and shame and Vlad knows this well,

remembers this clearly and he is so glad the boy came to him, so very glad.

“Easy, Daniel, I am here.” he soothes, arousal throbbing through him as he braces his forearms on the mattress and holds Danny’s head between his hands, thumbs bumping into Danny’s fingers as he smooths them over the boy’s brow, fingers scratching gently at his scalp.

“What’s. Happening.” The boy scrapes out, tears leaking around his shielding hands and Vlad shudders, lowering his face to nose at Daniel’s fingers, insistent until the teen gives in and brings his fingers down enough to peer over them at the older man leaning in so close to him. His brilliant green eyes meet Vlad’s red and are held there, unblinking.

“It’s alright, Daniel.” Vlad murmurs, his voice rough with his own need. If he flexes his hips down he can press his cock to the young man’s and he does, shivering at the plaintive cry that rips out of the boy in response. Daniel’s hands shoot down seemingly of their own volition to clutch at Vlad’s hips, pulling the older man against him, asking wordlessly to be pinned to the mattress, to be given something to hold onto, to rut into-

What lucidity briefly gripped the boy fades away under the renewed stimulation and his eyes roll back into his head, his whole head lolling back against the pillow, exposing a neck too tempting not to bite. Vlad lips at the column of flesh for only a moment before he sinks his fangs into the pale skin and holds on. Blood spills into his mouth and it’s perfect- raw and so alive, full of this strange energy, this wild magic which so compels their kind.

Without releasing his bite Vlad repositions his knees, shifting his weight to brace on one arm so he can get a hand free and reach down to the boy’s groin. To Daniel’s beautiful, hard, dripping cock he gives a few rough strokes, twisting his hand at the head in such a way that has the boy too breathless to scream, humping against his hand.

The older halfa chuckles around his mouthful of throat and lets go of the organ, ignoring the boy’s despairing wail, knowing well where he really wants it, where he really *needs* it.

Daniel acts like they are so very different, but they are of the same substance. The same unnatural fiber fills out both their compositions. Vlad knows. Vlad knows what Daniel is feeling now, Vlad knows the feelings of strange wet emptiness the boy’s new and temporary cunt produces. He knows how to satisfy them.

He finds the plump, flushed folds positively *soaked*, tucked behind the boy’s cock where his balls would usually be and cleaving into his perineum, a gaping, hungry thing which surely wasn’t there yesterday and in a week’s time will vanish again. For now it is starving, drooling, and after stroking along the lips a few times Vlad does not hesitate to slide two questing fingers into the hidden pink flesh.

Daniel’s body freezes mid hip roll, his lungs caught around a shallow gasping breath,

It’s so wet inside. So velvety soft. So warm. Slowly, slowly Vlad presses in to the last knuckle before he crooks his fingers, curling them up into the front wall, pushing on all those nerves he knows can *sing*. Like turning a key the boy unlocks and begins to frantically rut against him. A warm gush of fluid makes an already slick passage even messier and Vlad smiles and releases the boy’s throat from between his teeth, lapping at the bite wounds as he adds another finger and begins to pump into Danny’s slick passage. He has the boy’s lower legs pinned down, his free hand braced across Daniel’s chest to restrain the worst of the teen’s writhing. His weight provides an anchor and the generous cant of his hips is a warm place for the teen to push against. The boy is rubbing his cock against Vlad’s lower abdomen, his own beautiful, tight belly offering itself up as a teasing stimulation for the older man’s need. Hungry, Vlad grinds against the youth artlessly,

shamelessly, knowing that this will not be a slow game of teasing. He's happy enough to race to the finish for now.

Precome spreads between them, making both their stomachs sticky wet, the smell of their combined arousal growing and growing in the hot, shadowy space of the bed.

Outside the snow continues to fall, thicker and thicker and Vlad is distantly glad for it. He will hole up here for as long as Daniel needs. He will feed him his cock over and over until the boy's hungry cunt can take no more, is overflowing with his seed, until his heat breaks around the idea that surely, surely he is bred by now-

With a snarl he can take it no longer and pulls his fingers from the wet clenching depths, uttering up nonsense noises to hush the complaints that rise up in Daniel, the boy's hands scrabbling up his back to grip at his shoulder blades and *pull*.

"Breathe out, Daniel." Vlad manages to rasp as he puts a hand on himself to keep his cock steady, aligns himself, and presses *in*. He pushes against what little resistance there is to be had, firmly demanding entrance as the relaxed passage swallows around him. Daniel doesn't breathe. He shakes, he gasps, he wails as, with one slow decisive thrust, he is filled up completely. Vlad's hips come to rest flush with his lover's pelvis and they are *one*.

Vlad swears he has never heard anything so beautiful in all his life.

He drops his head to the boy's shoulder, grips the boy's thighs and pulls them until they're arranged obscene and wide and he can begin to roll into him, pulling out slow and pushing back in gentle on the first few thrusts, but gaining momentum quickly as the passage remains relaxed and hungry and the teen's noises remain pleased and not pained.

It is glorious.

Vlad knows there's a mindlessness in being on the receiving end of this attention, knows that the haze of want makes it hard to remember, makes it hard to concentrate. The act is unpracticed, inelegant, and gut wrenchingly honest. He is oddly humbled to be on the other end of it now. To see a body and mind break apart completely in ravaging, wanton need... it is *stunning*.

He can't close his eyes, soaking in the twists of Daniel's face, the way his mouth gapes open and pants for breath, the way the muscles of his chest and stomach leap as he tries to match his lover's rhythm. He relishes the scratches which are being dug into his skin, the bitten nails which claw at his shoulders, scrabbling for a purchase which Vlad knows he can't find. It's not there. There is nothing in this universe which can keep Daniel from flying apart.

With a growl Vlad redoubles his efforts, fucks hard and fast into the boy, hammering into the *soft wet warm* grip of his pussy, rewarded with the teen's efforts to meet him and the hitching gasps of his pleased cries.

Grunting, he shifts his weight again so he can grip the boy's cock and begins to stroke it in rough tandem with their rolling hips. Flesh slaps against flesh and the boy is tightening up already, his body so wet, getting wetter, constricting around Vlad as orgasm fast approaches.

Vlad drops his head so his cheek is against Daniel's shoulder and his lips are again over the bite mark he left on that beautiful neck, his tongue reaches out to lave hungrily over the bruising wounds.

The smaller halfa cries and clamps down, his body siezing as he begins to come, his cock spitting

in Vlad's furiously moving hand, his cunt clenching, his whole body undulating as he demands Vlad's seed, begging him to come too.

How can the older man deny him? Only a few more stuttering thrusts into the rippling warm wet and Vlad is done for, he slams home and presses tight tight tight to the younger body beneath him. The hand that isn't coaxing every drop of semen out of Danny's cock wraps around the boy's lower back, supporting the body which is arched off the bed, shaking as his pleasure continues to pour through him, lighting up every little nerve ending, electric and relentless.

"*Daniel*" Vlad moans and the boy clings back, shaking, tears in his eyes.

"Vlad... Fuck, Vlad-"

He chokes, words barely recognizable, trembling with wave after wave of crashing pleasure.

"You do well Daniel, be easy, you're doing so well."

It feels so good, so *right* and Vlad forgets about all his other hopes and plans for this boy because this is better than all of that, this is it. They are meant to be here, like this, hot and messy and complete.

The orgasm lingers, pleasure singing in the aftershocks for long, long seconds, winding down into a heaving pleasant sensitivity. It seems like an age before either of them catches their breath, and longer still before Vlad can find the motivation to remove himself from Daniel's obliging body. But it is necessary. With a deep, contented sigh he unwinds himself from his young mate so he can go in search of a towel to clean them both.

"Vlad?" The teen whines as Vlad pulls Daniel's arms from around his shoulders and settles them on the boy's own chest. He sounds fearful - his voice scratchy and ill-used. He's still confused, still aching for it. This won't be over for days, Vlad knows, and his tired prick stirs valiantly at the mere imagining of the athletic sex they're going to have over the next week...

"Easy Daniel." he murmurs quietly, stroking a still-green hand over the boy's cheek, rubbing at the spot behind the boy's ear until his eyes slip shut and his tension ebbs. "I'll return in a moment."

Cleaning himself perfunctorily and retrieving a damp wash cloth from the ensuite is a matter of minutes, but it's time enough for Daniel to tense again and curl up on himself on the mattress. His hands are over his face again, his knees drawn up to his chest to expose his rosy ass and genitals. The shine of his own slick and Vlad's come lazily dripping between his thighs is an obscene work of art.

He is magnificent.

"What's wrong with me?" He croaks, trembling when Vlad returns to the bed, kneeling on the mattress over Daniel and pressing gently on his knees so he can negotiate access to the younger man's stomach and that gorgeous space between his thighs.

"Nothing, Daniel." Vlad means it, too. They are wrong, the two of them. By every law of the universe their existence is *wrong*. But this... this is natural. This is healthy. Vlad has done more than enough research into his own times of need to know that by now. It is an animal compulsion, embarrassing as it is pleasurable and right despite how wrong it feels.

The teen's hands slip down his face and he eyes his new lover warily, hazily over his fingertips.

Vlad is not particularly good with gentle. He has no natural talent for soothing. Still, his protective

instincts rise naturally and he makes a concerted effort to be merciful, to be kind. He smiles softly at the frightened creature in his bed. He tosses the cloth to the floor - an act he'll surely be mortified by in the light of day - and urges Daniel to shift enough that he can work the top sheet out from under them. He touches the teen carefully, slowly, as he settles in behind him, letting him know where he is, letting him know that he is with him.

The teen whines, his words deserting him again and Vlad settles onto his side, his knees coming up to fit behind Daniel's, his body curving to touch the boy in as many places as possible. He draws the sheet up over their bodies, ignoring the fact that it is slightly damp in spots, and will undoubtedly be unsalvageable when all this is over.

"You're alright Daniel, you're alright." He murmurs, reaching between the boy's legs to gently cup the half-hard flesh he finds there, fingers rubbing slowly over the folds tucked just behind. He doesn't intend to arouse, just to sooth him for a moment with gentle pleasure. He hopes the boy will relax into a doze for an hour or two before he must go again. Sleep will be valuable in the coming days. The boy doesn't respond except with a little shaky sigh, but when Vlad takes his hand away from Daniel's genitals and wraps his arm around the boy's waist, a pale hand, knobby and young, finds Vlad's and threads their fingers together. He holds on tight.

The older man smiles and presses a kiss to his mark and wishes the boy to sleep.

This is an unexpected turn of events. He had been uncertain if the boy would experience the same instincts he had. As the years had pressed on and Jack's precocious boy had become a young man, Vlad had been doubtful. Never in his wildest dreams had he dared to hope that fate might play out like *this*.

That life, that energy he feels when he himself is in the throes of heat seems to ooze out of Daniel, his body too full of it, too alive, and the fierce bright life soaks into Vlad's skin and he feels so *warm*.

He squeezes the boy's waist even as he feels himself slipping into sleep. An unexpected turn of events, but far from an unwelcome one. He smiles as he drifts off, looking forward to the days to come.

End Notes

Edit Oct 2020:

-I love how many perverts there are on the internet. Thanks for the attention y'all, it gives me life.

-Second, it felt important to note that my head cannon is of an 18 year old Danny here. Not that that makes this content less problematic as a whole but eh, for what it's worth, I'm writing for a (young) adult character.

-Third I did a bit of editing for some weird grammar and word choices I made way back when i first wrote this (6 years holy hell). No plot changes, cuts, or additions. Hopefully it all just reads a bit smoother now.

Anyone want a sequel? I've toyed with one before but I'm probably at a point where I'd need to just start from scratch. Put some ideas in the comments if you want me to write something.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!